#### A HUNDRED PIECES OWNED BY THE LATE CYRUS J. LAWRENCE.

A Collection With a Spect al Interest for Art Lovers-Barye's Popularity in America--Mr. Lawrence's Paintings and Percelains Also to Be Sold.

among the announcements already of public sales of works of art the are to be held during the current WALKING TIGER. ONE OF THE BEST in there are enough sales of importo designate the season as one of



best in this respect that New York known, but one of the most interest of the sales has remained to be anneed to-day. This is the coming sale nuction of the art collection of the late us J. Lawrence, of this city, a collection of the art collection of the late which in its entirety challenges attention.

Mr. Walters and Mr. Lawrence were its

ing the variety of the sculptor's work in the collector's possession. None of Mr. Lawrence's Baryes reaches great size. The pieces are easily handled and it will amuse some of the knowing, in

WOUNDED PHEASANT. WHICH SEEMS TO SPE THE DOGS COMING.

patina that this metal takes on when



THESEUS FIGHTING THE CENTAUR BIANOR.

d which has a special and particu t in the remarkable accumulae collector played in the art of two countries. The J. H. sale, to be sure, is the spectacular o far billed for the season, a sale value of its artistic components, the Lawrence sale will be unique in ntry at least in the aggregation rye works which will be pre-

ably it is the most important



BABBIT, WITH EARS ERECT. A PAPER-WEIGHT.

ollection of works of this master sculptor animals that has been offered in the kd States for public competition, and while the bronzes are only a part of Mr. awrence's art collection they form for his reason one of the most interesting and distinctive features of the art sea-If Barye has perhaps less popular ue than once he had, owing possibly the multiplication of his works in aster, the periodical sales of his works in a high state have demonstrated the sen interest and generous appraisement collectors who turn their attention to a fascinating reproductions of animal astomy and his expressions of animal astomy and proceedings will be exposed as public study at the American Art to the first patinal in the world is that on St. Peter's too in Rome, such is the effect of the buman skin, the human hand, on bronze. Those who have been much with the lover of bronzes know how often, sometimes n a high state have demonstrated the of collectors who turn their attention to is fascinating reproductions of animal

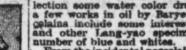
Mr. Lawrence's collection of paintings, for public study at the American Art who have been much with the lover of bronzes know how often, sometimes month. The paintings, largely, are all but unconsciously, he slides his hand month. The paintings, largely, are charming examples of the French impressionists' work, although there are The group of paintings by itself has one ble point of difference from most ollections of pictures that come upon the market these days in that there is not a Barbizon painting in the lot.

The porcelains and potteries, mainly iese, although with sprinklings of



Persian and Hispano-Mauresqu robuctions, were acquired chiefly as color notes, or for other purposes of deco-ative value, rather than with the motive the devoted collector of porcelains for emselves alone. The bronzes seem to be been this collector's first love, which forsook not even when the lower of the collector of the collector of the collector's first love.

been this collector's first love, which orecok not even when the lure of of the synthetic painters diverted from the ascination of form to the rattraction of chromatic charm. Socilection comprises 100 examples rye's scuipture. About sixty of them exhibited here in the great Barye bition of twenty years ago, when the proof's American admirers enlisted selves in the project to erect a mealway in the project to er in the project to erect a me-



lection some water color drawings and a few works in oil by Barye. The porcelains include some interesting greens and other Lang-yao specimens and a number of blue and whites.

From the incidental porcelains and from the sombre lights of the bronzes it seems a bit odd to turn in the acquisitions of the same collector to the vague brilliance, even with the underlying force, of the impressionistic colorists; but here those painters are appearing in examples chosen truly by a connoisseur. Here is Monet with pictures of the great chalk cliffs of the Channel coast at Dieppe, where humble fishers still live in caves, with impressions of spring and of winter at Vetheull; here is Degas with "Before the Race," Pissarro with a winter landscape of Pontoise.

Here is Sisley with a view of his be-

of Pontoise.

Here is Sisley with a view of his beloved Moret on the Loing, the little walled
riverside town with its still extant ancient
gates (now electrically illuminated, it's riverside town with its still extant ancient gates (now electrically illuminated, it's true) recalling the brilliant days of the neighboring Fontainebleau when Moret served as a convenient appenage to the court life, a home at once of the court's gallantry and of the pious aspirations of that prince of royal gallants, François I., whose beautiful Gothic church—a stone's throw from the window of Sisley's studio—forms one of the town's chief possessions.

ley's studio—forms one of the town's chief possessions.

Here, too, is Bonvir, with a "Nun's School": Boudin with characteristic paintings of seacoast life, a "Bordeaux," a "Village by the River" and two Trouville compositions, "On the Beach at Trouville" and "Port of Trouville," with also a river front scene, including shipping. Still on the French coast of summer resort, France's "Silver Coast," here is one of Jongkind's paintings of Honfieur.

Raffaelli links America with France, appearing in "The Dewey Arch" and "Place de la Trinité, as well as in "Parisian Rag Pickers." Lepine comes along with a river view and a Paris park, Puvis de Chavannes with "A Young Mother," Mettling with "A Gypsy," Ribot with "Mignonne," Mary Cassatt with a mother in a red dress and a nude child and several other examples, Angelica Kauffmann with a "Lady at Her Tollet," and strange cozenage—Canaletto, with a Roman picture, "Piazza del Popolo." And there are more.

#### ART NOTES.

A human ass-and his tribe does not decrease—once made the profound re-mark that he never read Dickens because so many common people circulated through the pages of his novels. We call this remark profound, for it illustrates in the clearest manner what has been named "the heresy of the subject." The majority of persons do not go to the theatre for the sheer joy of the acting; do not read books merely because they are well written, or look at pictures because they are painted artistically. The subject, the tory, the anecdote, the "human interest." "little touches," all the various traps that mare the attention from poor or mediocre workmanship—the traps of centimental-ism, of false feeling, of cheap pathos and of the cheap moral, these the greater pub-lic willingly embraces and hates to be re-Mr. Walters and Mr. Lawrence were its moving spirits, with the cooperation of Harry Walters and a few others. William T. Walters as far back as 1859 had been among the earlier admirers of Barye's work and one of the first to urge Americans to acquire this artist's productions. The Corcoran Gallery permitted its Barye room to be emptied for the purposes of the exhibition. minded of its lack of taste, of its ignorance. The man who first said "give the people what they want" was probably born close to the tertiary epoch, though his fossil remains as yet undug; but we are tribe. So are his successors, who have cluttered the marketplaces with their booths, mischievous half art and tubs of tripe and soft soap. Therefore we select for his courage the snobbish chap who found Dickens ordinary; to him Millet would have been absolutely vulgar.

icans to acquire this artist's productions. The Corcoran Gallery permitted its Barye room to be emptied for the purposes of the exhibition.

The crowds attending the exhibition were such that the front doors of the American Art Calleries on Twenty-third street were insufficient to permit both ingress and egress, and the rear door on Twenty-second streethad to be utilized as an exit. The admissions yielded a handsome sum, which was transmitted to Paris. The committee on selection and catalogue was Cyrus J. Lawrence, William M. Laffan and Thomas B. Clarke, of whom Mr. Clarke alone survives.

Mr. Lawrence's increased collection has since his death been exhibited at the Grolier Club and more recently at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, some of whose friends hoped that the museum might eventually acquire it in whole to add to the institution's possessions in bronzes. It is highly probable that the museum will now compete with the withlist for acquirition of some of the The cult of the subject is warmly worshipped in America and England. It nearly ruined English painting half a century ago, and even to-day you must go to the Glasgow or the Dublin galleries to see contemporaneous art naked and unashamed. In New York we are more lucky, though here the public, always prudish, prefers the sleek scapy surfaces of Cabanel's "Venus" or the oily skin of in bronzes. It is highly probable that the museum will now compete with the public for acquisition of some of the Barye works. Americans will not have the competition to themselves for already, following the information in art circles that the Lawrence collection was to come into the market, cables have come from Europe requesting photographs and specific information regarding the sale.

A few of Mr. Lawrence's bronzes are here pictured, the illustrations suggest—here pictured, the illustrations suggest—here are names at random; Dickens leaved these names at random; Dickens leaved the leaved of Manet's "Olympia"—now known as "Notre Dame de Louvre." If Dickens had made his "low" characters after the

> Lautrec's favorite browsing ground was Montmartre, the Montmartre of twenty years ago, not the machine made tourists fake of to-day. You will get a prose parallel in the early stories of Huysmans in "Les Sœurs Vatard," though not in the tinselled glory of Charpentier's "Louise." Lautree, born in an old family, was literally slain by his desire for artistic perfection. Montmartre slew him, But he mastered the secrets of its dance halls, its purlieus, its cocottes, its bullies and habitués before he died. In Meiergraefe's little book on the impressionists Lautrec gets a place of honor, the critic assert-ing that he "dared to do what Degas scorned." This is a mystification. Degas has done what he cared and has done it in an almost perfect fashion. A pupil and follower of Ingres, he paved the way for Lautrec, who went further afield in his themes and simplifications. If Degas broke the classic line of Ingres, Lautrechas torn to shreds the linear patterns of Degas. Obsessed as we are in America by the horrors of magazine illustrations by the procrustean conventions of our draughtsmen, by cowboys of wood, metallic horses, melodramatic landscape, it will be long before we can sympathiz with the supple, versatile, bold drawing of Lautrec, who gives movement, charac-

patina that this metal takes on when much handled.

The bronzes are in fine state, some of them proofs. There is an Arab killing a lion, a Tartar warrior, Napoleon on horseback, Theseus fighting the minotaur and Theseus slaying a centaur, Gaston de Foix, a monkey mounted on a gnu, an Amazon in the costume of 1830, lions seated, walking and at rest, tigers walking or lying down or eating, panthers, jaguars, the seated lion of the Louvre, a companion to which Bayer refused to make, even under commission from the French Government; and elephants—who else than the Japanese, except Barye, could ever make an elephant in bronze and reproduce the majesty and physiological detail of the great beast!

The African and the Asian elephants showed their differences to him, and he pictures them both in everlasting bronze in this collection. Here are gazelles and wolves, bulls, bears and rabbits, birds, deer, dogs and cats, crocodiles and strange creatures. ter. vitality in a curve. It is not only that he portrays his women of the streets without false sentiment (profoundly immoral, always, in its results), but he actually shows a solicitude for them. He is not the ento-Gaston de Foix, a monkey mounted on a gnu, an Amazon in the costume of 1830, lions seated, walking and at rest, tigers walking or lying down or eating, panthers, jaguars, the seated lion of the Louvre, a companion to which Bayer refused to make, even under commission from the French Government; and elephants—who else than the Japanese, except Barye, could ever make an elephant in bronze and reproduce the majesty and physiological detail of the great beast!

The African and the Asian elephants showed their differences to him, and he pictures them both in everlasting bronze in this collection. Here are gazelles and wolves, bulls, bears and rabbits, birds, deer, dogs and cats, crocodiles and strange creatures.

There are also in Mr. Lawrence's colmologist with the pinned bug, as is often

PASSING IN THE ART WORLD

SOME NOTES, NEWS, INCIDENTS AND COMMENTS OF THE DAY.

ams New After Works by American Painters—The Discussion Which Mr. Chase Started—Americans in the Art Magazines-Goselp of Things Ahead. The purchase during the last week of

two paintings from the current exhibi-tion of the National Academy of Design for the Metropolitan Museum of Art has served to turn discussion among those who follow affairs of art toward three different phases of the general subject-the academy exhibitions, the museum's course and the presently noticeable tendency among art institutions toward American paintings and their housing in the permanent exhibitions. Not in oriticism, in any instance, be it said, or if so the criticism is not here to be recorded, but with regard to the interesting points of development brought to mind, reminiscent, present and future. Some of those who have felt called

upon to belittle the academy exhibitions for sundry reasons have given themselves pause upon learning that the museum paid a good price for one of Sergeant Kendall's canvases there exhibited, even if they have wondered at it, to say nothing of the purchase of another exhibit—and this a prize painting too—from the academy's exhibition for presentation to the museum, both canvases to hang in the museum's American sec-tion. For it has been said that if the museum, with its present prestige and powers of acquisition, finds canvases in the academy exhibition worthy of its attention, private purchasers will take courage, irrespective of the critics, and go there to buy what pleases them, so that the academy exhibitions may once again

go there to buy what pleases them, so that the academy exhibitions may once again take on the character of an elder day, when official and social New York attended the academy exhibitions and bought there unhesitatingly. And it is to be remembered that the academy is a national, not a New York institution, and the significance of its exhibitions and their attendance and patronage is by so muchincreased, now that the city is greater than it used to be and attracts a greater number of visitors, not only from the United States but from abroad.

As to the academy and its side of the question, it has often been urged that it reduce the number of pictures accepted, as has been done this season with the result of a better "spacing" of paintings in the Vanderbilt gallery. Yet the fact confronts the advocates of a smaller exhibition that the \$7,000 canvas of Sergeant Kendall's, bought by the museum, hung in the south gallery, where it had not the advantage of the greater spacing. This fact has given courage to those of the painters who all along have advocated the greater exhibition, the exhibition of huge size, one such as the Royal Academy in London or the Salon in Paris, where all the producing artists of the country might have their opportunity to go before the public, so that the experts and the sympathetic connoisseurs and amateurs might make their own appraisals and discoveries. There is no exhibition building in New York at present where so large an exhibition could be held, although it was such a one that the academy sought to bestow upon the city in its proffer of last year to build one on the site of the Arsenal in Central Park if authority were granted. The Salon is held in a Government building on park land, as the artists point out, adding that likewise the Royal Academy is indebted to the Government for its housing, as the Metropolitan Museum is indebted to the Government here for its housing, as the Metropolitan Museum is indebted to the city government here for its housing.

Far more interesting to the artists. low then and their art, is the renewed emphasis on the recognition of American art and artists implied and exemplified in the museum purchases that now are being recorded, not only these of the Metropolitan Museum but purchases by other museums about the country which are buying American paintings and sculp-tures at a rate that the public is scarcely yet aware of.

lected these names at random: Dickens is the idol of the middle class (the phrase is not of our making), while Manet fought for recognition in a Paris not too easily startled. In reality he was a puritan in comparison with his predecessors and successors, not to mention such contemporaries as Gérôme, Boulanger, Cabanel and Lefebvre, men who painted nudes their life long. But they knew how to mix saccharine on their palettes; Manet did not.

But what would our friend the snob say if he went to Mr. Stieglitz's Little Gallery of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth avenue, and saw the original lithographs of the ill fated Count Henri de Toulouse-Lautree! Either faint or fight; no middle course in the presence of these rapid snapshots from life by a master of line. The subjects would be revolting to our possible case, and no doubt they will prove revolting to most people who mix up art with their personal preferences for the stale, the sweet, the musk moral. Lautree's favorite browsing ground was Montmarter. tion here, once ignored, are now bes

It is not only lately that foreigners have been among the foremost to perceive the merits of the American painters and to recognize them freely even in som instances before the home stayers awakened to what was going on around them. this juncture the editors of the Studio of London have put forth in the latest issue of that magazine of art a paper on "Some American Figure Painters." Foreign recognition of American art began with appreciation of American laudscape painters; the trend has diversified itself. Says the Studio:

The greatest art is without doubt that which reflects or embodies the characteristic tendencies of the time and nation that gives or has given it birth. Regardless of ancestry and despite the levelling in-fluence of travel, an American is rarely mistaken for a citizen of another country when met in a foreign land. America has borrowed prodigiously from England, Germany, France and Holland, but the wisdom thus acquired she has assimilated

wisdom thus acquired she has assimilated and is now bringing to fruition.

There is a prevalent belief in Great Britain that the only American figure painters of note are those who do not live in America. The names of Sargent and Shannon and Abbey, of Gari Melchers, Mary Cassatt and Elihu Vedder loom large on both sides of the Atlantic, but the British critic viaiting the great annual exhibitions. critic visiting the great annual exhibitions of contemporary American paintings in the United States would find, as did the American critics who last summer visited Shepherds Bush, London, and Edin-burgh, that these artists are not the only figure painters who are producing works of exceptional merit.

of exceptional merit.

The writer then in his confessedly too rapid survey, after mentioning Abbott H. Thayer, George de Forest Brush, Winslow Homer, Thomas W. Dewing, Edmund C. Tarbell, Frank W. Benson, Robert Reid, J. Alden Weir, Joseph De Camp, Sergeant Kendall, Hugo Ballin, Horatio Walker, Kenyon Cox and John W. Alexander, says:

The portrait painters too must be par with but brief mention. William M. Chase has contributed much to American art both through his paintings and his teaching. Cecilia Beaux in brilliancy as well as audacity of technique ranks with Sargent and Shannon. Robert Henri is the exponent of Manet and Whistler, a stern improvement pressionist who possesses however a very definite personality, an acutely artistic

temperament. Irving R. Wiles is a facile brush man, good colorist and clever painter.

But the purpose of this article has not been to tell of all, but a few—those who seem not satisfied with that which is borrowed, but are in truth, though perhaps unconsciously, giving expression unconsciously, giving expression to an art which is both national and individual, an art liberated from tradition and yet

Apropos of stories going around that Queen Alexandra is reviving interest in he once important pursuit of silhouette collecting, the Connoiseeur publishes an interesting article on silhouettes, contributed in the form of a description of "Mr. Francis Wellesley's Collection of Profile Portraits." The Wellesley silhouettes form probably the largest col-lection in existence, the writer says:

In row after row hang the choicest ex amples of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Each one has its romance and is more or less a historical document. They begin with early English, French and

They begin with early English, French and German ones, contemporary with Etienne de Silhoutte, the French Minister of Finance, who made them the fashion and they go on in bewildering array until the late Queen had ascended the throne.

There they stop, for the mid-Victorian silhouettes have no value in the eyes of the collector. They are the silhouettes that one used to see staring at one from the windows of every other antique shop. It is true, though, that they are not so plentiful as they were once, for since it became noised abroad that Queen Alexandra was silhouette hunting there has been a new interest in them and dealers have grown wary.

So we see that even in the case of those shadowy friends, the silhouettes, the term "mid-Victorian" is a reproach, as it is in various other fields of art in whose examples we in this country are still unpleasantly rich. The Connoisecur writer has this to say in summing up his review of the great ladies, beaux and royalties in the Wellesley collection:

royalties in the Wellesley collection:

Of all the silhouettes perhaps the most charming are those of early childhood. There are any number of playful children captured at the romping hour—girls holding single flowers and garlands with branches of cherries like John Russell's famous "Cherry Girl," and boys fingering hoops, tops and drums. Then there is more serious youth with its books, meditations and primly folded hands. It is all quaint and fanciful snough to have found favor in the eyes of Sir Joshua. Oh, those happy children who have long since thrown down their toys! Although we have only these shadows, we can catch the shrill treble of their voices and the patter of their footsteps.

and in the pursuit of these fads, once the collecting spirit is aroused, naught can surprise: yet it will be news to many that there are collectors of the small china houses which in an elder day, when women used to ffint and languish and use spices, were used as pastille burners—the little three or four inch toy houses whose tops come off and in whose dooryards sometimes toy animals decorated in the general scheme of the house itself browse or lie at rest. One of these collectors, Gertrude Crowe, tells in the Connoiseur of her "Little China Village." as she calls it. It appears that the little houses most sought are those modelled after Shakespeare's house or other famous buildings.

These collectors, too, like the genus everywhere, in all its species and varieties, have opportunities to make their precious "finds." The writer tells of picking up one cottage with a removable roof "on the bog deal' dresser of a smoke dimmed Irish cabin, where it had probably found its way from some neighboring 'great house,' and doubtless lain there since the desolate 'famine year." houses whose tops come off and in whose

Mr. Chase began his art studies in 1868, sieged and the first collective exhibition of his work was held in the galleries of the Boston Art Club in 1886. It happens, though not in any way in connection with the existing an article on Chase just now in which they the writer save.

the writer says:
American painting at large is undeniably American painting at large is undeniably pervaded by a refined, orderly, intelligent eclecticism which has in it more cleverness than inspiration, more skill than passion. In a certain sense Mr. Chase is a typical American artist. He has seen much of the world; his taste has been trained by close acquaintance with all the best art of Italy, Holland, Spain and France; he is far from being unsophisticated; he is, as Gautier said of himself, a man for whom the visible world exists; moreover, he is sane, unsentimental, truthful and unpre-

The most emphatic recognition of his achievement and his standing in the pro-fession was the invitation from the Uffizi Gallery in Florence to add his portrait of himself to the great collection of self-pornimself to the great collection of self-por-traits of artists. This work he performed in Florence last summer, and the likeness has now been added to the famous collec-tion in which the only American artists so far represented are G. P. A. Healy, John Singer Sargent and William M. Chase.

Mr. Chase's recent talk at the Mac-Dowell Club on ancient and modern por-trait painters, which was noticed in Tuz Sun, aroused considerable interesting discussion among the artists, as well as attracting some newspaper consideration, particularly on the point made by Mr. Chase that people should be painted by their own countrymen, since, as he said, the foreigner, even though a big painter, cannot thoroughly comprehend and represent a person of another race. He mentioned Sargent and Van Dyck as the only exceptions occurring to him. Some

only exceptions occurring to him. Some of his critics said, with every show of gratification and confidence, that Holbein seemed to demonstrate the error into which Chase had fallen.

The painters, however, generally stand with Chase in their studio discussions of his talk and some of them have come back at his critics with the observation that Holbein furnishes about as good evidence of the soundness of Chase's contention as could possibly be found in that "Holbein's Englishmen are all Dutchmen," as some of them put it, meaning that Holbein's portraits of English people make them look like Germans, an appearance that has often been remarked upon.

upon.
That there are various points of view, however, is indicated in the remark of one painter when the matter was mentioned: "It's a question, isn't it, whether the English of Holbein's time didn't all look like Germans, anyway?"

Later this month, on the 25th, Robert Henri is to talk at the same club on "The Great Spanish Masters."

An interesting and unusual exhibition is to be held at the MacDowell Club beof work of women artists who are members of the club. While the exhibition is on visitors will be admitted to the club between the hours of 10 o'clock and 1 and between 2 o'clock and 5 on any days except Mondays. They will not be admitted on Mondays. Painting, sculpture, illustration and interior decoration will be represented, as well as work along the line of interesting specialties in which some of the women members engage.

In sculpture there will be works of Mrs. ginning January 10, an exhibition wholly

change this year in its method of sele-tion of works for exhibition. It has been the custom of the Philadelphia institu-

accident he was as regularly at his studio as many a younger man.

Edwin H. Blashfield is engaged upon some decorations for the dome of the court house at Youngstown, Ohio.

Charles M. Shean is preparing a series of decorations for a private house in Philadelphia on a theme somewhat different from those usually governing. The house, while it is within the limits of Philadelphia, is in a locality that is atill open, and the neighboring prospects are inviting and pleasing. The owner contemplates with a measure of sorrow the inevitable destruction of these bits of beautiful natural scenery that now surround his place as the increasing population encroaches upon the neighborhood. So Mr. Shean is to reproduce them in a series of decorative panels for the embellishment of the house and as a future solace o memory.

The Boldini portrait at the scadem has excited about as much talk among the painters as anything in the exhibi-tion for obvious reasons—its spectacular handling, the artist's technique, the fact that the personality of the sitter is so well known and so on. And many are the flerce words said about it, quite as loud as the chorus of praise, for the painters who denounce their brother for the tone he has given the flesh in some places, just as there are persons who feem him unjust to his sitter. One painte whose general knowledge is highly regarded stumped his fellows, however with a summing up in one question.

"After all," said he, "who else or

houses most sought are those modelled after Shakespear's house or other famous buildings.

These collectors, too, like the genus everywhere, in all its species and varieties, have opportunities to make their precious "finds." The writer tells of picking up one cottage with a removable roof on the bog deal, discount of the picking up one cottage with a removable roof of the bog deal, where it had probably found its way from some neighboring great house, and doubtless lain there since the desolate famine year."

An exhibition is coming in a few days to which the painters and students are looking forward with even keener anticipation than the people who are generally interested in art matters. It is to be a retrospective exhibition of the work of William M. Chase, and Mr. Chase himself is a rranging for it, getting his works together from many places. The exhibition is to be held at the National Arts Club. The club has issued invitations to a dinner which it is giving to Mr. Chase on Wednesday evening. January 12.

Mr. Chase began his art studies in 1888, and the first collective exhibition of the work of the work of the first collective exhibition of the work of work of work of work of work of will many places. The exhibition is to be held at the National Arts Club. The club has issued invitations to a dinner which it is giving to Mr. Chase on Wednesday evening. January 12.

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exhibitions when they talk of the men and women—and there are many of each—who have their portraits done at different times, each by a number of the big painters: One asks, "Do they do it as patrons of art?" Another, "Is it in the hope of getting at last a really great one?" Yet another, "Is it rather with the hope of finally getting a portrait that really suits the person himself, or herself, or that suits the members of one's family?" Then they divide according to individual bent upon the question whether a good portrait has merely to be a good likeness or whether it must be a good painting, with what the family call likeness a secondary consideration. It would be perilous to give the answers.

The late John Harsen Rhoades was one of the men who wanted to have his

of the men who wanted to hav portrait done by different painters. E. Parsons is another who has painted by several artists.

Speaking of pleasing the family in the case of portraits, one painter of much experience tells one of the most staggering of the many stories of these incidents in the life of a portrait painter. His commission was to do a portrait from a

mission was to do a portrait from a photograph, the woman whose portrait was wanted being dead. With the usual helpful descriptions of details of the person, there was given him a lock of the woman's red hair.

When the protrait was finished, after having been amended from time to time according to the insistence of various members of the family individually, there was a general assemblage of the relatives to pass final judgment on it. There appeared to be a common disposition toward acceptance of the painting, and the artist was feeling relieved when from a woman in a corner, one of the family group, who had not yet said anything, came the verdict that the portrait was all right except the hair; the color of the hair, she said, was wrong. Mute but confident, the painter walked to a neighboring drawer, brought forth the lock of hair that had been confided to him and held it against the hair in the portrait. The "match" was perfect.

"Ah, yes," said she in the corner, "I know all about that, but that lock was out from the back of her head. Her hair in front was a very different color!"

The preliminary stage has just been ac-complished of the Fulton memorial com-petition, a competition of much interest to architects and a project both of interes and importance to every one concerned with the artistic possibilities of New York city. And that means the nation as well as New Yorkers. The Fulton memorial competition was arranged by the Robert Fulton Monument Association, of which Cornelius Vanderbilt is president and Richard Delafield treasurer—an organiza-tion distinct from the Hudson-Fulton commission in charge of the recent celebration—with a view to erecting a monu-ment to Robert Fulton in the form of a Water Gate on the Hudson River shore from 114th to 116th streets. To this end the association, after secur-ing authority from the Legislature under

Bryson Burroughs, of Miss Helen Farnsworth Mears, who was a pupil of and for a
long time an assistant to the late Augustus
Saint Gaudens, and of Miss B. Lilliam Link.
Mrs. Everett Shinn will be represented
by some illustrations. Mrs. Ernest
Peixotto will exhibit some decorated fans,
Mrs. Frederick Gotthold some illuminated
books, Miss Eulable Dix. miniatures, and
Mise Harriet K. Fobes some of her creations in jewelry. Miss Theodooia Hawley
is to send some of her curiously interesting brush drawings after the Japanese
in style. This is not a complete list of the
exhibitors or of the varied work to be
shown, but it suggests attractive possibilities.

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine
of Arts, which is just now preparing for its
ill150th annual exhibition, has made a
change this year in its method of seletion of works for exhibition. It has been
tion the design which whole country to contribute, at an estimated coat the substance of the two of the competition divided it into two parts; first, tan plant to be selected from among all those winning architects in the second competition of the cell with the office of the substance of the four design of the design most highly approved in the second competition of the design

change this year in its method of seletion of works for exhibition. It has been the custom of the Philadelphia institution to have three separate juries, for purposes of general convenience—one in Philadelphia, one in Boston and one in New York, each to pass upon the works submitted in its own city—a plan which worked especially for the convenience of intending exhibitors according to the vicinage, as they might submit their works to any of the three juries. This year the work is to be done by a single jury, although the convenience of the artists exhibiting is not to be interfered with, for the jury will sit in the three cities. The jury begins work next Wednesday in Boston and will come here on Thursday, going on to Philadelphia on Friday. The New York members of this year's jury for painting are Irving R. Wiles, Charles W. Hawthorne, Robert Henri and Emil Carisen.

Seymour Guy, the venerable portrait painter, suffered a fall recently and has been confined to his home. Until the accident he was as regularly at his studion of the \$3,000 prize; otherwise he is to receive his regular percentage as archings, more than two hundred of them.

Joseph Pennell's drawings and etchings, more than two hundred of them, made for Mrs. Pennell's book on the French cathedrals, have been acquired by the French Government.

# HOODOOS OF THE RAILROADER. Black Cats and Number 18—Engine With

From the Kaneas City Star.

The engineer and firemen are the firmest believers in the dangers of a black cat crossing the track in front of an engine, of the number 12 and its combinations, of wrecks lurking near haunted places along the track where some previous disaster occurred. And the list of beliefs runs on almost without end.

Life spent in the engine cab tends to develop the abnormal and imaginative in a man. A constant tension of the nervous system enforced by a rigid attention to duty, a prolonged absence of speech made necessary by the deafening roar of steam and grinding of brakes, the endiess monotony of the track unwinding like a pair of ribbons broken now and then by a sharp ourve and around which may lurk an unforescen peril: all this counts in a man's mental training.

The number 13 is the most ancient of railroad superatitions. Frainmen often refuse to take out a train of thirteen cars. But the 13th day of the month holds no terror for them unless connected with another thirteen; strangely enough, Frielay, the 13th, is the same as any other day. But to take out engine 513 on the 13th of the month is suicidal. To take out an engine or caboose on that day whose number adds up thirteen, as eighty-five or 202, is equally desperate.

Some men bear the terrible record that

Perhaps the most widely known tangible hooded west of the Mississippi River is an engine. Every few months a headline

# No. 847 Kills Another.

This engine belongs to the Wabash and more than twenty-five have been killed either in its cab or in coaches which it pulled. A mechanic in the repair shop told me that in repairs and damage suits it had cost the company enough to buy two engines of like make, and he said it earnestly and had computed the cost with effort.

No. 847 came to the Moberly, Mo., division from Chicago with fifteen fatalities to its credit there. It is said that the reason it credit there. It is said that the reason it was transferred was that railroad men on the Eastern division refused to run it. Shortly after its wreck at Thompson, Mo., October 28, 1907, in which four were killed, a number of railroaders tried to form an "anti-847 club," the purpose of which was to boycott the hoodoo engine off the division. The scheme failed and now the "man killer," as its homicida nickname stands, runs regularly between Moberly and Kansas City.

### ROYAL GUEST AT DINNER. to Finger Bowis on the Table-Honors for the Host's Chef.

for the Hest's Chef.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dinner is the only meal at which the royal guests are expected to appear, when the King sits in the centre of one side of the table, as is his custom at home. Etiquette used to demand that only the royalties should be provided with menus, but this custom is not invariably observed at the present time. It is still "de rigeur" that there should be no finger bowls on the table, a custom dating from Jacobite days, when the partisans of the Stuaria used to pass their glasses across the finger bowls before drinking, which was their way of toasting "the King-over the water."

Bhould the royal guests be in mourning every other guest must appear in mourning of the same degree, and of course no one must dream of leaving before the royalties have retired. When the King is accompanied by the Queen the men must wear knee breeches and silk stockings, but not so when the King is alone. Another curious item of etiquette is that neither but not so when the Angle steels. Another curious item of etiquette is that neither the Queen nor the Princess of Wales must ever be entertained by a bachelor. I have never heard whether it is permissible for the King or the Prince to be entertained by a maiden lady.

the King or the Prince to be entertained by a maiden lady.

The King, though not liking long dinners, has a keen appreciation of what is good in eating and drinking as in other things. On at least two occasions he has bestowed the M. V. O. (Member of the Victorian Order) on his hest's chef in acknowledgment of the satisfactory astore of his cooking. This order was originated by king Edward and has frequently done duty. Doubtless it has made its recipients extremely happy, but it has come to be regarded with much amusement by the King's intimates.

On one occasion it was bestowed on the Mayor of some little foreign town where his Majesty had been detained in order to listen to some tedious though complimentary appechifying. Speaking of the incident that same evening, the King said of the Mayor: "I didn't know what to do with him, so I gave him the M. V. O."

"And served him — well right!" exclaimed one of the listeners, at which his Majesty laughed as heartily as saybody.